

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

MRS. LESLIE WRITES ABOUT HER AND ABOUT OTHER TYPES.

The Leading Traits of the Maidens of Various Lands Contrasted—The American Girl Said to Be a Unia with a Fire Tipped Wand.

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It can help being fond of young girls? I don't mean in the way young men are fond of them, but as an observer of human nature and of the way in which they will be. There is a certain freshness and sweetness and evanescence about them like the charm of flowers, butterflies and birds, and besides this a graciousness and attractiveness like that one feels in all frisky, confiding, fond young creatures like kittens and lambs and suchlike helpless, frolicsome and trustful creatures.

For myself I am devoted to girls wherever I may be, and I have been, I believe, in most parts of the habitable globe. Everywhere I have found girls, and everywhere there have been many traits of identity and some of difference. All were nice, and I do not know that I would I could tell what I like the best. Our own girls certainly have the most character; also, as a rule, they have the most beauty. But the question is, are not they so far at least as the great cities go—are not they more young women of the world than girls said to simple? There has been a great deal said both at home and abroad upon this subject, but it is one that is always coming up again, and we should not blink the discussion of it.

Is the American girl not enough a girl, or is she too much of a girl?

It is certainly true that the American girl accepts, in fact assumes, responsibilities that no other girl in the world would dream of doing, and the consequence is that she sometimes appears lacking in that modest humility and timid appeal to her elders which is one of the charms of certain other girls; for, self-reliance, in fact, is apt to mistake her calm self assertion for boldness and want of self respect, and acting upon this mistake they sometimes meet with rebuffs so startling that they rush into another mistake and set down the American girl as a shrewd, a sharp tongued and sharp tempered vixen, and please themselves by saying that no man in his senses would ever venture to marry her.

In fact, the American girl is for him a sour grape.

And yet how could we wish this freedom of action and speech or this capacity of self defense and aggressive warfare less, when we consider that these very traits are the foundation of American character, and that these very girls are to become the mothers of the men of the future?

An American girl fought through two years of the Revolution and gained among her associates a reputation most honorable for her modesty as a woman, although no one suspected her sex to the last. Grace Darling was an American girl, and more than one or two others have emulated her noble courage under similar circumstances. American girls have taken their fathers' places in command of ships, in the conduct of flight from Indians, in the saving of burning houses; in fact, I doubt not with a little research one could find an American girl in nearly every position of trust or of command which a man of her age and physical ability could fill. Shall we, then, desire to see her watered down to the level of the shrinking and blushing ingenu which is the French ideal of girlhood?

But on the other hand, the girls who are called to fight in the ranks, or to "man" lifeboats, or rescue their helpless mothers from Indians, or to save burning buildings, are a very small proportion of the whole, and this very courage and ability are apt in private life to make a restless and uncontrolled and perhaps assuming character. Our Grace Darlings in city society are very apt to get the name of being "fast" or "mannish" or "loud," just because they have such an amount of surplus energy and force of character. Besides this our girls have another splendid quality which is apt to lead foreigners to make mistakes about them. They are not afraid of men, because they feel themselves perfectly competent to control any circumstances in which they may be placed and to meet any attack that may be made. They are unsexed to meet the lion with perfect tranquility, because they know they can lead him whither they will. The lion's instinct generally leads him to the same conviction, but in case he is stupid and does not see it, the American girl is quite capable of converting her lily stalk into a wand of white hot steel and giving Master Lion a lesson he does not soon forget. There is no girl in the world so perfectly capable of taking care of herself and doing it well as the American girl. In her womanly virtue she is next to the Irish girl, who, as is well known, is the most virtuous of her sex, and in judgment, coolness and knowledge of the world she is by far her superior.

In fact, I think we may honestly claim that the failings of our American girls are simply what the French call "the faults of their virtues"; that is, the somewhat troublesome excess of unexplored strength.

Daisy Miller has passed into a proverb. But is she a type? I never have forgiven Mr. James for some traits in his portrait, and yet there is a great deal of truth in the innocent audacity, the fearless criticism and the simple carelessness of public opinion that stamp her. And one cannot but feel a certain tenderness for the poor child, although one is so provoked at her, or rather at her author.

But fascinating as every one allows the American girl to be, her English cousins are dangerous rivals. The state of growth and clear complexion, the calm eyes and baby mouth, the well developed figures and honest simplicity of manner are in the eyes of many men more attractive than the independent vivacity of the American. Two types of maidenhood are to be met, the one perfect, the other a little less perfect; the former, the graceful freedom of western prairies, the sparkling rush of mighty rivers and the fearless beauty of airy waterfalls seem to have tempered the clay and infused the blood of the American girl, while her passive English cousin remains one of stately parks and well ordered gardens, lawns of velvet and meadows knee deep in clover where placid kine browse as if they were posing for Sir Edwin Landseer's brush.

In sauntering around England, and one can see neither a country nor its people except in sauntering—the predominant idea one receives is of long and patient culture. Every foot of arable ground has been turned over and over through a thousand years of husbandry; the grass is not so much grass as the elaboration of man's energies and the chemist's skill; the trees that shaded Elizabeth and the second Charles have been preserved and cared for to the last days of Victoria; everything, in fact, bears the mark of man's zealous improvement of natural advantages, and the girls are no exception to the rule.

Those of the upper class—that is to say, those of the landed gentry—whose fathers and mothers and ancestors for hundreds of years have been cultivated as assiduously as the grass and the corn lands, and the trees, and show the effect of education just as blood horses and Devon cows show it; the clear skin, the bright eyes and clean cut features and shapely limbs show breeding long and careful; and the conventional ideas, the narrow range of thought, the value of precedent and the importance of precedence, all show breeding too. They show the training of the mind in long established formulas and the molding of manners to long established traditions, so that the English lady is born artificial, and as a rule grows up in the same condition.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule, even among young girls, but these variants as a rule are neither understood nor admired in their own meridian; what is spontaneous independence of thought in an American girl is set down as suspicious eccentricity in an English girl, and in fact the latter never can possess that charm of unconsciousness which marks the vagaries of our own lassies; there are too many warning voices upraised, there is too much saturation with the English ideal of girlhood to step one foot outside the beaten track without knowing it, while our own girls follow their impulses very much as the wind does and generally come to as little harm.

But each type of girl has her charm, and we would not, if we could change either for the other. There is charm in diversity and harmony in contrast.

Crossing the channel or the narrow seas, we come upon more girls and thoroughly new types, and yet are not prepared to set them in a place of inferiority.

The French girl is in a condition of slow transition; the *jeune fille* of the last century spent her infancy in the house of her foster mother, and her girlhood in a convent, whence she was summoned at sixteen or seventeen years old to be presented to her affianced husband. Perhaps she liked him and perhaps she did not; nobody inquired and nobody cared; the alliance was arranged by the parents on both sides, and the *jeune fille* at last acquiesced without choice or opinion.

In those days there was no such thing as a French girl, for she was repressed almost out of existence, and only began to live, and generally not very wisely, after her marriage. But the slow, sure tooth of Time has eaten away very much of tradition in France and done more than the many revolutions in setting the young women free. Liberty, that is to say the French idea of liberty, is in the air, and the women breathe it, as well as fathers and brothers. Women, even young girls, begin to realize that they are individuals and possess souls and minds as well as bodies, and the knowledge emboldens them to think, to speak and to act as some they never would have dreamed of doing.

Convents are a good deal out of fashion nowadays, and Adele ventures to form the opinion that Gustave is more to her than Adolphe, even though the former be a *bon parti* and the latter not. The *jeune fille* has looked over the fence at least, and the look is often preparatory to leaping, but the process of emancipation is sometimes a timid and hesitating one, and the French girl of our own day will never acquire the freedom of the American maiden, nor is it desirable that she should, for she cannot in one or two generations be trained to use it with discretion. Liberty of speech and action must be based upon deep convictions of right and wrong; there must be a moral law to replace the loss of conventional restraints before it is safe to throw them aside, and perhaps in no country outside of America can a child be born into that atmosphere of self government and self protection that gives her peculiar nature to the American girl.

But turning for a moment to another great division of Christendom, let us

glance at the German girl, who differs materially from each of those already mentioned. Of course we all know that the Teutonic dame is trained to housewifery from her cradle; that even frauleins of high degree are forced to go through a course of picking and preserving, of confectionery and cake making; are taught to look after the house linen and watch the movements of the servants with a diligence unknown to most housekeepers. But this utilitarianism is not to me the predominant trait of the German girl—I am an Englisher, and I am not an Englisher.

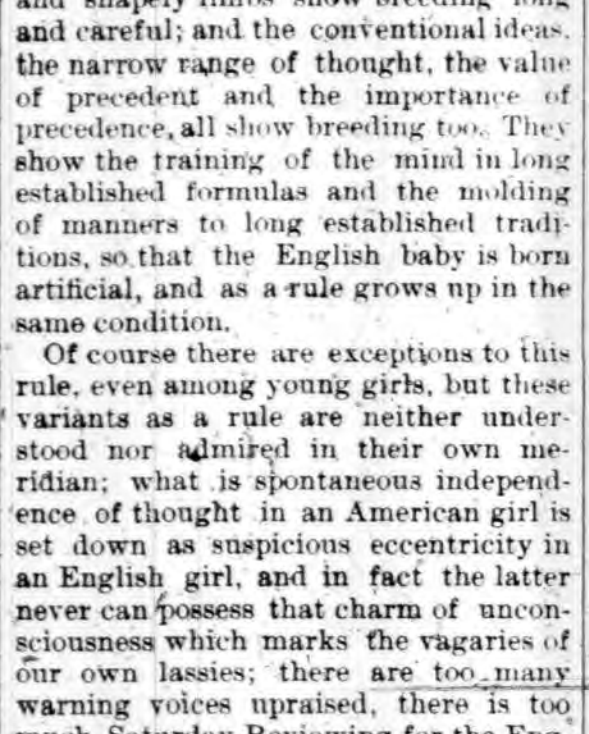
We speak of Spanish pride, of English hauteur and of Russian arrogance, but to my mind not one of them equals the all pervading, all dominating and perfectly spontaneous pride of a German girl in her sixteen quarters of nobility, and her firm conviction that no merit, no education, no natural gifts or acquired advantages can in any way fit a person not "well born" to stand upon an equality with herself, or above all to aspire to her hand. To make a *respectable*—that is, the maid of the German family—a little worse than to join the Mormons and become a thirteenth wife would be for an American, and so far as the former has strength and individuality of mind they show themselves in draping around her fair white shoulders the mantle of hereditary honor, which is to her the most valuable of all human possessions.

But the subject grows upon one so vividly that it becomes a hopeless task to exhaust its ramifications, and it must be dropped unfinished with only this one word in which I am sure every keen student of mankind will join: Long life to the girl, pure and simple, for she is the just opened bud of the fairest flower in all this fair world.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

Parts Fashions.

The new fall toilets had fair to be the prettiest and most elegant of any that have ever been seen, both in color and make. The prevailing colors for early autumn will partake of the coloring in nature, and be russet, faded reds and purples, with warm browns and soft yellows. The new fall waists are seen in these colors and in mixtures and also changeable effects. There is a pretty serge with the warp of pale blue, like the autumn sky, and a rich yellow, like the poplar leaves, for the wool and the



tones blend and mingle so that in one light it is blue, in another yellow, and all together a delicate green. Trimmed with this was, with four narrow silk pinked ruffles around the bottom and a draped corsage of silk bearing the same shades, and with wrinkled sleeves bordered by three of the tiniest ruffles, it was most beautiful.

I saw one exquisite costume for the promenade made of faded lake cashmere which was sublime. Around the bottom of the rather long skirt were two self plain hemmed ruffles, headed by a rose plaiting pinked on both edges. There was a short wrap of the same material, with a ruffle five inches deep of cashmere embroidered in exactly the same shade and headed by a pinked and plaited; the front laid in a plait, with long tabs, and the back gathered into a short Watteau plait. Plaits and pinking and much accordion plaiting will be seen on all the fall costumes.

Another beautiful dress for a young lady was of lilac and gray striped sateen; the skirt was quite plain, with lace drapery across the bust and down the left side. I saw this same design in several other colors and materials.

A Southern Beauty.

Miss Carrie Cochran, daughter of the eminent southern jurist, Judge John Cochran, who died when she was an infant, was introduced in Washington society last season by her aunt, the beautiful

A Cruel Test.

A good looking, well to do young man was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.—Detroit Free Press.

One Day's Liberty.

Mr. Neater—I wish you wouldn't let little Dot play with such a dirty ragamuffin as that boy she is with out there on the street.

Mrs. Neater—Why, that little Dick, you own son, I've been away all day and he's been doing as he pleased.—Good News.

FOR DUNLAP, YOU MAN.

AND ALL THE

CORRECT STYLES OF

Stiff Derbys

AND

Soft Hats

GO TO

McCABE, The Hatter,

301 GLENWOOD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD.

TELEPHONE NO. 20.

STILL UNEXPLORED.

THE LARGEST VOLCANO IN ALASKA DEFIES APPROACH.

Many Attempts Have Been Made to Reach the Giant, but It Lies So Far North That the Absence of Vegetation Has Rendered It Inaccessible.

The grandest mountain of North America has not yet been visited by explorers.

It is an active volcano called Wrangell, located in the interior of Alaska, and its frost wreathed dome forms presumably the apex of the continent.

Mount Wrangell lies about 100 miles north of the celebrated Mount St. Elias and is in the center of a region unshrouded in mystery. Gigantic mountain ranges rise like terraces one upon the other, guarding in their midst this snowy monster of the north.

About forty years ago a party of Russian explorers on the Copper river, of the northeast, and being duly impressed with its majesty conferred upon it the title of their honored governor, Baron Wrangell. They made no attempt, however, to reach the mountain, it being in the country of hostile natives and presenting such apparently insurmountable obstacles to approach.

Several other companies of Russians made partial ascents of the Copper river about the same time and met with disaster. One party of seventeen, under Seberinoff, was massacred by the natives. No useful results were obtained, and no approach was made to the volcano.

It was not until 1884 that another attempt was made at exploration in the Copper river region. Then Lieutenant Allen, one of the most daring men who ever entered Alaska, forced his way with several white companions up the Copper nearly to its source and circled half way around the Mount Wrangell district, viewing the mighty peak from a distance of forty or fifty miles, but finding no opportunity to reach and ascend it. Indeed he was on the verge of starvation at the time and it would have been suicide to attempt to scale the snow-capped heights.

The terrible experiences of Allen discouraged further explorations by way of the Copper, and when, in 1890, I entered Alaska for the second time, I attempted to reach Mount Wrangell by a new route, that of the Yukon, in the northeast. This route necessitated an overland march of 300 miles from the Yukon river, and when provisions became exhausted my party was still fully forty miles from the volcano and tangled up in a labyrinth of mountain ranges. Gigantic peaks surrounded us, and the dense forest and animal life, barred our progress in front, and an attempt to scale them, with nothing to eat and naught in sight would have been sheer madness. So a circle was made to the northwest, crossing Allen's trail, and we forced a way to the Yukon, 200 miles distant, barely escaping starvation.

In 1891 Lieutenant Schwatka, famous as an explorer of the Yukon, tried his hand at traversing the southern border of the Mount Wrangell domain. He proceeded overland from the English River, Yukon, piercing an unknown district and emerging on the Copper river south of Mount Wrangell. He also had a close call from starvation.

These few explorations constitute the sum total of the discoveries in the vicinity of Mount Wrangell up to date. Several sketches of the volcano have been made as it appears from a distance, but no accurate information concerning it has yet been obtained.

It appears to be fully as high as Mount St. Elias, and may be even higher. The natives living in the vicinity are superstitiously afraid of venturing near the volcano, and this fact adds to the interest which surrounds it. I believe that Mount Wrangell can be reached by explorers who will establish posts of supplies, projecting one post beyond another and arranging for the systematic forwarding of the provisions to the terminal. No food can be depended upon in this region after leaving the river except that brought in by the explorer. The scaling of Mount Wrangell heights would require many days, but could probably be accomplished.

There is apparently little chance that Mount Wrangell will ever be reached from the direction of Mount St. Elias, that is, from the south. It is proper to state that the region between Mount St. Elias and Mount Wrangell is the only glacier field in Alaska. A few isolated glaciers can be found elsewhere along the coast, but in four-fifths of the interior no snow or ice exists during the summer. A dense wilderness of conifers surrounds the region and blankets the country for hundreds of miles eastward. The volcano of Mount Wrangell offers today a unique field for the explorer and the professional mountain climber.—Cincinnati Post.

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COLONEL GRAHAM, OF POSEY COUNTY

His Joyless Ride in the Smoker with an Unfortunate Jockeyman.

When Colonel Graham, of Posey county, Ind., left town for Trenton yesterday he put in his pocket two of the best imported cigars that he could buy. The colonel is a confirmed cigarette smoker, but he always carries cigars for self protection when he travels. Since he left Posey county he has been a discriminating nose for tobacco. A rank cigar makes him more pensive than "kisses" in his trousers. There are few smokers of bad cigars who will not throw away a half burned stump to accept one of the colonel's good cigars, and with the graceful appeal that always goes with it.

"Why, do you know," said Colonel Graham the other day, "there are no cigars in Indiana so rank as those that are smoked in New Jersey. They are the brand that will kill vegetation, and I always carry a cigar or two to give away on the sausage trail. Why, it's enough to make a bluff bluff."

Colonel Graham's seat in the smoker was shared yesterday by a jockeyman, who was a confirmed cigarette smoker, and with a dark, shifty wrapper, a puff of smoke from his nostrils, and a look of intense satisfaction, he was growing saucer. He threw away his cigarette, and drawing a cigar from his pocket said to the man beside him:

"Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a light?"

"No, don't," interrupted a Colonel Graham. "I really wasn't thinking what I was doing. Please accept one of my cigars and permit me to tell you a story. I am very absent-minded at times."

The man looked at the cigar and said: "Looks pretty good, but I don't smoke 'em. I pay three dollars a hundred for mine."

"That cigar cost twenty-five dollars a hundred, and is pretty fair, I think," replied the colonel.

"Hm," said the man as he lit the end of it. "Then he found out and so he will give me a light now?"

"Will you give me a light now?"

Colonel Graham offered him a cigar. The man lighted his own pipe, with a chuckle of satisfaction. Then he looked back comfortably at the colonel and said: "Graham's cigar out of the window."

"Why, you?"

"Don't," said the man. "When I think of the tariff on cigars, I just put it out and I'm not responsible for what I do. Let me offer you one of my cigars," and he pulled out one of the finest cigars a hundred brand and handed it to Colonel Graham.

"Why, you?"

"Now, don't, I say," interrupted the man. "This is my station, but you can get a light from the man in front. Much obliged for your cigars, Graham, and he was off the car."

Colonel Graham returned to New York last night and announced that his system was shattered. Hereafter he will ride in the drawing room car and smoke cigarettes.—New York Sun.

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